50p

morgenmuffel #12

april 2004

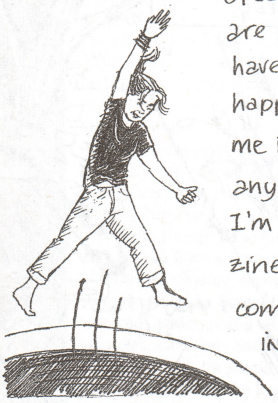
cartoons & rants

Hi, welcome to morgenmuffel #12!

This one's been a while in the making. I had a whole phase of not doing much drawing but I got over it.

I'm still in Brighton, still mostly unemployed, and still kind of hoping we'll see the overthrow of the ruling class and the destruction of society as we know it when we can build the new world that is in our hearts on the ruins of the old one, etc. We will so not destroy the Cowley Club though, which is our autonomous social centre here - see cartoon! - I half live there. Guess where the cover's set!

My housing co-operative is doing well too, we have a trampoline resembling a helicopter landing pad in our garden now, and lots of children, including our new collective baby, Hazel (see that's her on the cover too..). Having kids around means I'm more familiar with new fangled music, and I have to lend them my comic books.



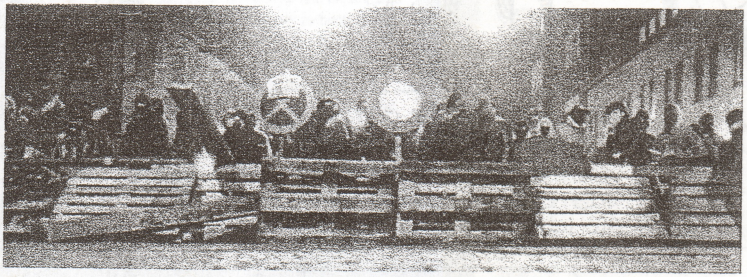
YOU CAN DO REALLY GOOD BIG METAL JUMPS ON A TRAMPOLINE!

Speaking of which, Active Distribution (www.activedistribution.org.uk) are reprinting a collection of my **back issues** (#2-11) of which I have no individual copies left. Hurra, this seems to actually be happening! Hurra again! Should be sometime soon, so write to me if you're interested in a copy, or check out the Active catalogue anyway - very extensive and all good!

I'm also still doing my **zine distro** too, and stocking the zines box in the Cowley Club bookshop. Titles include - all recommended! - ATTITUDE PROBLEM, HEADWOUND, SMALL SAILOR, INIT ON IT, INBRED PICNIC, YARD WIDE YARNS, STAYGOLDJESSE, NIAGN COMICS, GADGIE - and more. You might find a list included if you got this by post, otherwise send me an SAE to get one! my address is still: PO BOX 74, BRIGHTON BN1 4ZQ, (UK) email: KATCHOO63@YAHOO.CO.UK Do write to me, hope you enjoy this,

P.S.: I've run out of paper! I have been drawing, for years, on nice, thick paper I "took" when I worked in an office (6 years ago). I have run out now. The end of an era...

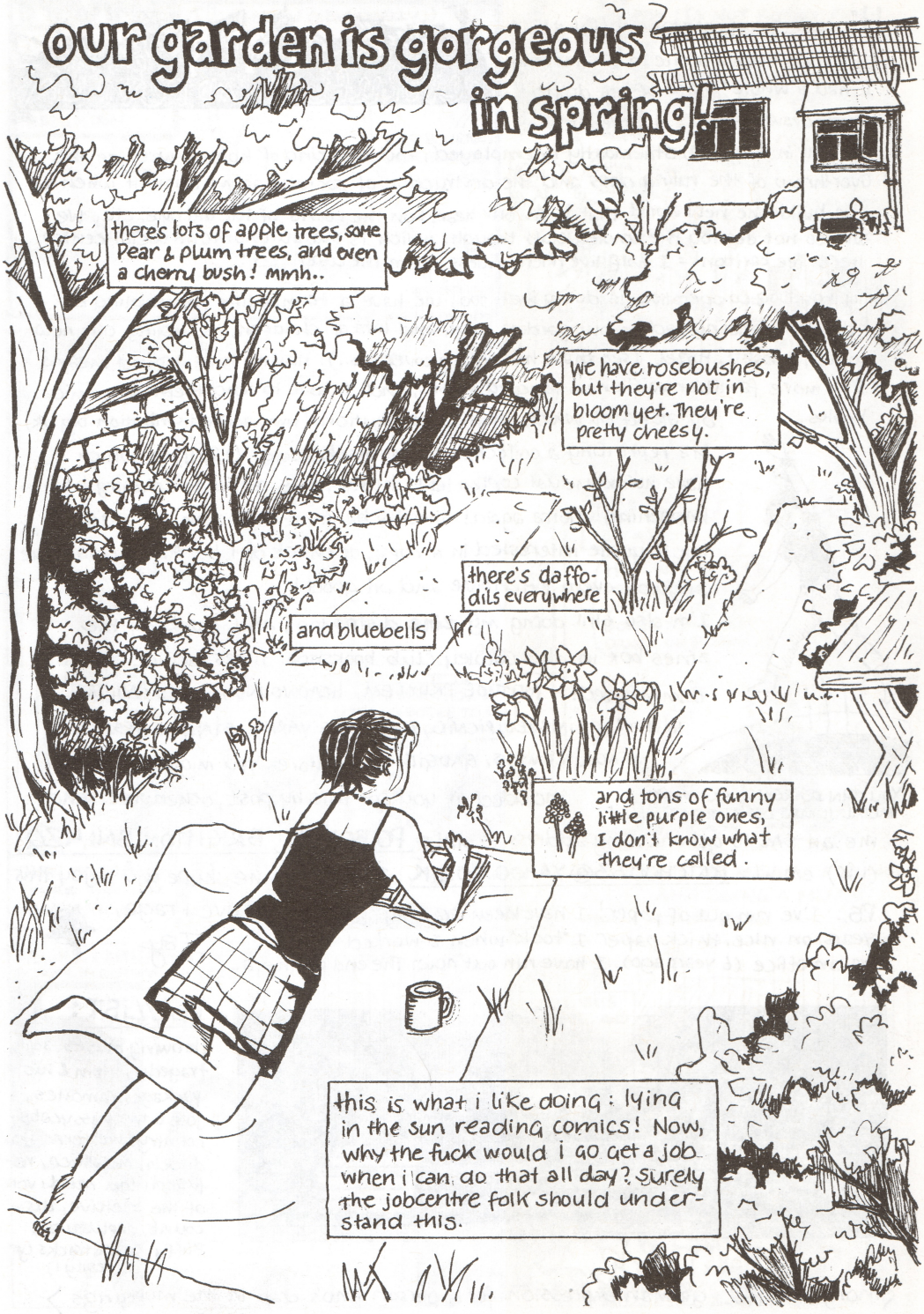
love + rage,
Isy



PLAYLIST:

throwing muses, ac/dc tragedy, atom & his package, ramones, josie & the pussycats, country & western, tea dresch, metallica, refused, lou reed, voice of the beehive, discount, sepultura, Buffy soundtracks (yes really!)

<morgenmuffel: german expression for a person who's crap in the mornings.>


our garden is gorgeous in spring!
there's lots of apple trees, some pear & plum trees, and even a cherry bush! mmh..
we have rosebushes, but they're not in bloom yet. they're pretty cheesy.
there's daffodils everywhere
and bluebells
and tons of funny little purple ones, I don't know what they're called.
this is what i like doing: lying in the sun reading comics! Now, why the fuck would i go get a job when i can do that all day? surely the jobcentre folk should understand this.

Passing the time...

We spent lots of the summer working on the beer tents at festivals to raise money for prisoner support, again. Sometimes, a 6 hour shift seems like 10 hours, especially if you're still monged from the night before. But on these occassions, or on long car journeys, or just waiting around for nothing in particular, we could find things to do...

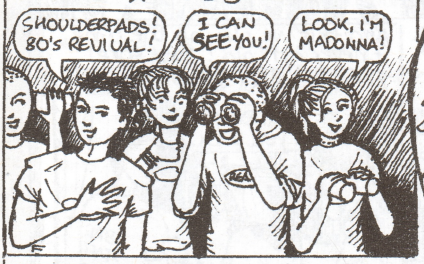
☆ALPHABET GAME☆

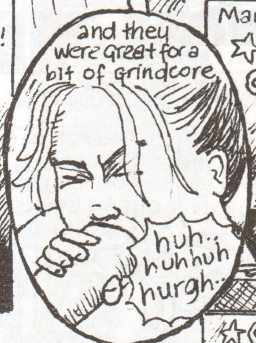
Okay so you pick a letter and go round coming up with things beginning with that letter in a specified category e.g. food, drinks, shops, names, animals...

you can also specify a few categories, and see who gets all of them first.

We were up all nite and got a bit carried away with the game on our train journey home...

There was much fun to be had with the paper ☆CUPS☆ on the bar, yeh!





Many games involved the customers.

☆SEE HOW LONG YOU CAN PUT PEOPLE OFF☆

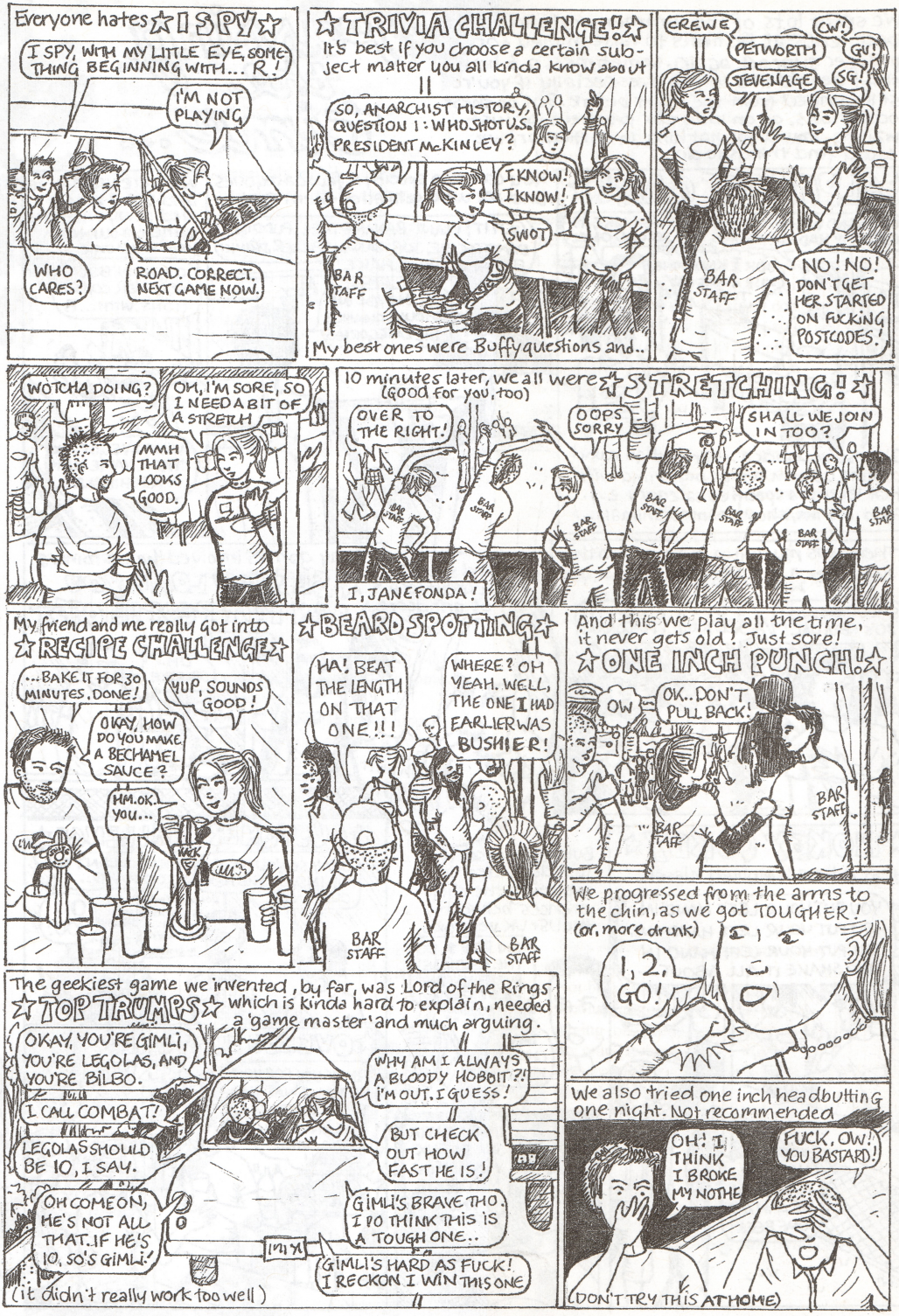
☆HOKEY COKEY☆

yes! A time honoured classic!

But in our case, it just decended into argueing the differences between the US+ UK versions.

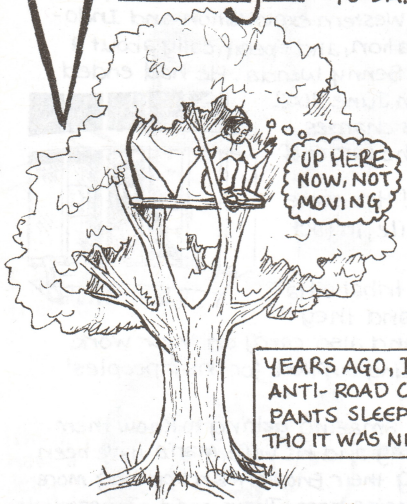
☆CUSTOMER CHALLENGE☆

☆OVERDO CUSTOMER SERVICE☆

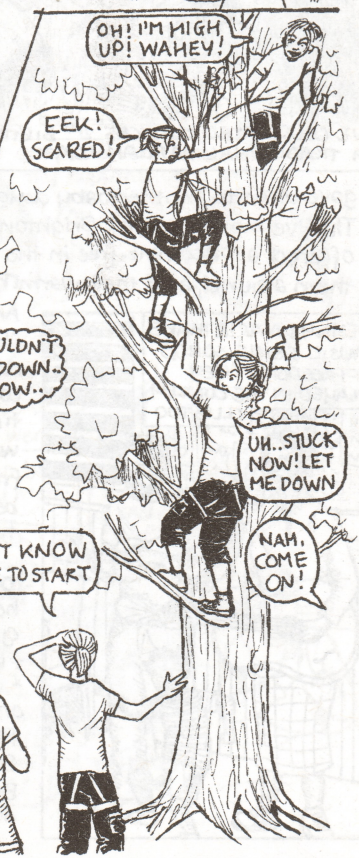

Everyone hates ☆I SPY☆
I SPY, WITH MY LITTLE EYE, SOMETHING BEGINNING WITH... R!
I'M NOT PLAYING
WHO CARES?
ROAD. CORRECT. NEXT GAME NOW.
☆TRIVIA CHALLENGE!☆
It's best if you choose a certain subject matter you all kinda know about
SO, ANARCHIST HISTORY, QUESTION 1: WHO SHOT U.S. PRESIDENT McKINLEY?
I KNOW! I KNOW!
SWOT
BAR STAFF
My best ones were Buffy questions and..
CREWE
CW!
PETWORTH
GU!
STEVENAGE
SG!
BAR STAFF
NO! NO! DON'T GET HER STARTED ON FUCKING POSTCODES!
WOTCHA DOING?
OH, I'M SORE, SO I NEED A BIT OF A STRETCH
MMH THAT LOOKS GOOD.
10 minutes later, we all were (Good for you, too)
☆STRETCHING!☆
OVER TO THE RIGHT!
OOPS SORRY
SHALL WE JOIN IN TOO?
BAR STAFF
I, JANE FONDA!
My friend and me really got into ☆RECIPE CHALLENGE☆
...BAKE IT FOR 30 MINUTES. DONE!
YUP, SOUNDS GOOD!
OKAY, HOW DO YOU MAKE A BECHAMEL SAUCE?
HMM. OK. YOU...
☆BEARD SPOTTING☆
HA! BEAT THE LENGTH ON THAT ONE!!!
WHERE? OH YEAH. WELL, THE ONE I HAD EARLIER WAS BUSHIER!
BAR STAFF
BAR STAFF
And this we play all the time, it never gets old! Just sore!
☆ONE INCH PUNCH!☆
OW
OK.. DON'T PULL BACK!
BAR STAFF
BAR STAFF
We progressed from the arms to the chin, as we got TOUGHER! (or, more drunk)
1, 2, GO!
The geekiest game we invented, by far, was Lord of the Rings ☆TOP TRUMPS☆ which is kinda hard to explain, needed a 'game master' and much arguing.
OKAY, YOU'RE GIMLI, YOU'RE LEGOLAS, AND YOU'RE BILBO.
I CALL COMBAT!
LEGOLAS SHOULD BE 10, I SAY.
OH COME ON, HE'S NOT ALL THAT. IF HE'S 10, SO'S GIMLI.
WHY AM I ALWAYS A BLOODY HOBBIT?! I'M OUT. I GUESS!
BUT CHECK OUT HOW FAST HE IS!
GIMLI'S BRAVE THO. I DO THINK THIS IS A TOUGH ONE..
GIMLI'S HARD AS FUCK! I RECKON I WIN THIS ONE
(it didn't really work too well)
We also tried one inch headbutting one night. Not recommended
OH! I THINK I BROKE MY NOTHE
FUCK, OW! YOU BASTARD!
(DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME)

>eek!< Vertigo

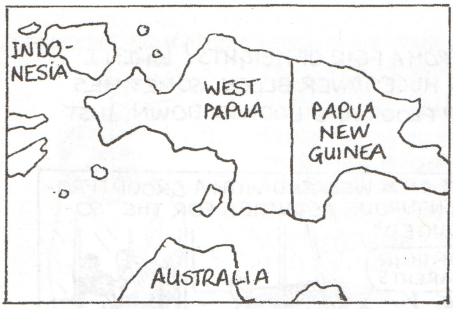
I'VE ALWAYS SUFFERED FROM A FEAR OF HEIGHTS! WHEN I WAS 10 WE LIVED IN A HUGE TOWER BLOCK. SOMETIMES I WENT UP TO THE TOP FLOOR AND LOOKED DOWN, JUST TO DARE MYSELF.



YEARS AGO, I STAYED AT SOME ANTI-ROAD CAMPS. I SHAT MY PANTS SLEEPING UP IN TREES. THO IT WAS NICE IN LOTS OF WAYS!



ONE MORNING PEOPLE STRUNG ROPES UP TREES AND WE COULD CLIMB UP THEM



PAPUA MERDEKA!

In the last issue of Morgenmuffel, there was a cartoon about the West Papuan struggle for freedom from Western exploitation and Indonesian occupation, and specifically about a tribal leader, Benny Wenda. He had ended up in prison in June 2002 facing serious charges. He was also the target of attempts on his life while inside.

Well, since then, he managed to escape from prison! He's come to the UK seeking asylum - here in Brighton for a while, in fact. His family managed to follow soon after.

Even though the culture shock of coming from the tribal villages of the Papuan highlands to the UK was huge, and they are very far from home, they can feel safe here, and also carry on their work and finding support for their peoples' struggle.

It's been amazing getting to know them. Both Benny and his wife Maria have been improving their English and getting more used to being here. Their nearly 3 year old daughter Koteka has settled in quickly too, and is really funny!

And, in December, Maria gave birth to another baby daughter, Wenegwe.

They've moved out of Brighton now since they were offered a place rent-free in the countryside. I miss having them around, and their warmth and their unique insights. And koteka's enthusiasm!

They're still waiting for a decision on their asylum (which could take any amount of time), and they're also still waiting for West Papua's freedom - it'll probably only be then they can safely return home.

For more info and ways to help the West Papuans' struggle, check out:

* www.freewestpapua.org
* www.westpapuanews.com

or write to Solidarity South Pacific, c/o 6 Tilbury Place, Brighton BN2 2GY, UK

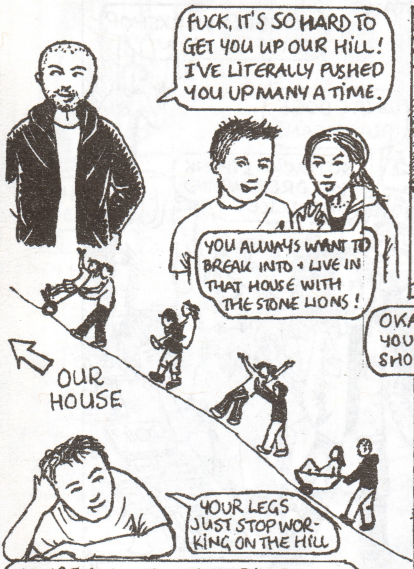
Benny's email address is: demmak@melanesianews.org

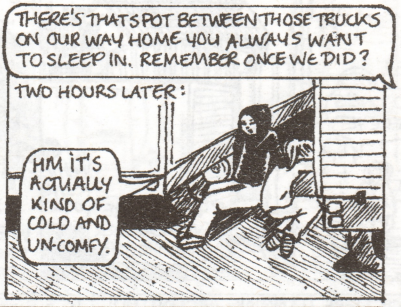
THIS IS OUR SOCIAL CENTRE...
THE COWLEY CLUB
NAMED AFTER HARRY COWLEY, A HISTORICAL LOCAL GRASSROOTS ORGANISER
WE COLLECTIVELY OWN IT
WE'VE BOUGHT A BUILDING! WE CAN BE, LIKE, PROPERTY TYCOONS! HOHO WE'RE RICH!
NO ACTUALLY WE'RE LOADS IN DEBT AND YOU'RE BEING VERY SILLY.
IT'S A CO-OPERATIVE SO IT BELONGS TO ALL MEMBERS, IT WAS BOUGHT WITH LOTS OF BIG LOANS FROM BANKS ETC.
TA FOR THE POSH, & BYE!
AND IT'S RUN COLLECTIVELY TOO.
THERE'S OVER 1500 MEMBERS OF THE BAR AND ONLY 13 HERE FOR THE GENERAL MEETING
UH, I'M JUST HERE FOR A BEER.
OH. OKAY, 12 OF US.
DURING THE DAY, IT'S A VEGAN CAFE, AND BOOKSHOP
GAH! CAN'T REACH IT!
WHAT'S TODAY'S SPECIAL?
CHECK OUT THE OLD BOY ON THE PIANO. HE'S WAY COOL!
YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE, MY ONLY...
HIS FOOD'S GETTING COLD THO.
NUMBER 2! NUMBER 5! ANYONE?!
AND IN THE EVENINGS, IT'S A BAR, RUN AS A PRIVATE MEMBERS CLUB!
CHEERS!
EVERYTHING'S DONE BY VOLUNTEERS
HM, STILL NEED PEOPLE FOR THE CAFE TOMORROW
HUH?
HEY, YOU! WOTCHA DOING TOMORROW?
AND WE CAN PUT ON WHATEVER WE WANT!
HOW 'BOUT AN '80'S NIGHT, WITH COCKTAILS?
AND SYNCHRONISED DANCING!
AND BINGO!
WOT, SO I LIKE BINGO.
MORE IMPORTANTLY, IT'S USED AS A SPACE TO ORGANISE, IN A SELF DETERMINED WAY, INITIATE ACTION AND NEW PROJECTS TO IMPROVE THE QUALITY OF OUR LIVES.
OOH, YOU HERE TO HELP WITH NEWSLETTER COLLATING?
UH, ISN'T THIS THE ANTI-GENETICS MEETING?
NAH THAT WAS LAST NIGHT.
HEY, WOMENS SELF DEFENCE GOING ON HERE - NO MEN!
EEK!
OH SORRY, I WAS IN THE BASEMENT, I DIDN'T KNOW...
CAFE CLOSED OPEN FOR ENGLISH LESSONS FOR REFUGEES FREE
WELFARE RIGHTS ADVICE 4-6PM
PROBLEMS AT WORK ADVICE 5-7PM

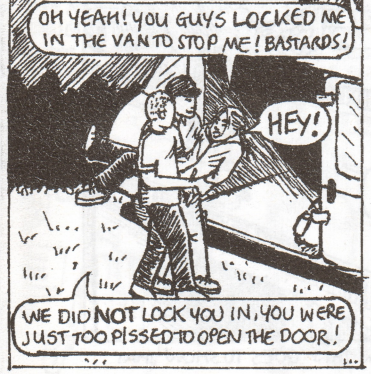
IT'S VERY FAMILIAR...
HEY ISY
HI!
HI
HI!
HELLO!
FANCY SEEING YOU HERE
THERE'S OFTEN A SENSE OF COLLECTIVE RESPONSIBILITY... AND SOMETIMES VERY NOT!
UH, I MIGHT NEED HELP ON THE DOOR HERE, WITH THIS GUY...
OH, NO, IT'S OK- HE'S JUST DRUNK & HIS MATE'S TAKING HIM HOME NOW.
THAT BULB'S BEEN OUT SINCE LAST WEEK
HM. CAN'T REACH IT.
I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE KEEP LIGHTBULBS.
LALALA
MARCH
THERE ARE LOTS OF EVENTS, LIKE FUNDRAISING SUNDAY ROASTS, FOR CAMPAIGNS, PRISONERS OR GROUPS, OR JUMBLE SALES, OR DJ'S, OR BANDS, OR FILMS...
OR QUIZNITES!
YAY! SO EVERY TEAM GETS A POINT IN THE AIR-GUITAR ROUND! NEXT...
THINGS I DO INCLUDE:
32.33, 34, OH FIVER, 34.35
COUNTING UP THE TAKINGS FROM THE SAFE, PAYING BILLS AND SO ON
GOING TO BANKS
DUH! THIS IS CAFÉ MONEY. WRONG BANK. SORRY!
DOING THE ACCOUNTS
ARSE WHERE'S THE MISSING £1.25, IT'S NOT BALANCING
SHEE-ET
DOING BAR SHIFTS
ONE FOR THEM, ONE FOR ME
THE MOST BORING THING, EVER: PROCESSING MEMBERSHIP APPLICATIONS
OOPS, DID I NOD OFF?
RECENTLY, WE HAD OUR 1ST BIRTHDAY!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR COWLEY CLUB
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
OH, I FEEL ALL EMOTIONAL!
SITTING IN MEETINGS!
YES. UH-HUH. I AGREE. WHATEVER. GAWD HOW LONG IS THIS TAKING...
COOKING IN THE CAFÉ
MMMH
THERE'S SO MUCH TO BE SAID ABOUT THE CLUB... IT'S OUR CLUB, AND IT'S HAD SUCH A BIG IMPACT ON MY LIFE.

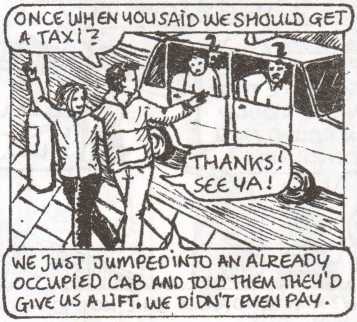
I AM A DRUNKEN FOOL!

OH YES I AM! I HAVE A NEVERENDING SUPPLY OF AMUSING DRUNKEN ANTICS TO RELATE! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE GETTING HOME WHEN YOU'VE HAD AN EVENING/DAY/FORTNIGHT OF HEAVY DRINKING? WELL, I CAN'T ALWAYS REMEMBER HOW EXACTLY I ENDED UP BACK IN MY BED, SO I 'INTERVIEWED' MY FRIENDS, WHOSE HEROIC EFFORTS MUST BE APPLAUDED





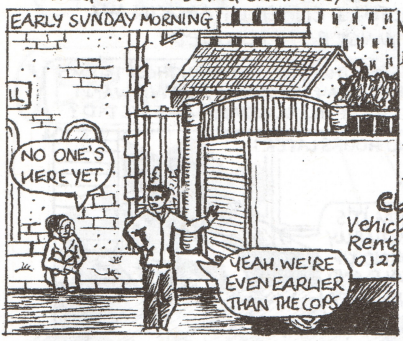




BAD DEALS

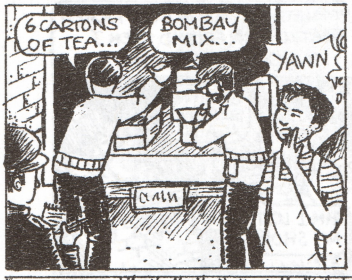
SO IN SEPTEMBER, THERE WAS ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL ARMS FAIR -DSEI* IN THE LONDON DOCKLANDS WHERE VARIOUS DODGY GOVERNMENTS COME TOGETHER TO SHOP FOR WAR & KILLING & SUPPRESSING ORDINARY FOLK.

ACTIONS WERE BEING ORGANISED AGAINST IT, AND WE WERE ASKED TO COOK FOR TWO DAYS OF WORKSHOPS & PREPARATION AT THE 'CONVERGENCE CENTRE', AT A HALL IN TOWER HAMLETS.



WE SET OUR KITCHEN UP IN THE YARD AND STARTED TO MAKE FOOD.

ON MONDAY, OUR VAN GOT SEARCHED UNDER THE TERRORISM ACT. WE HAD "SUSPICIOUS BOXES" YOU KNOW.



WE DROVE HOME MONDAY NIGHT. TUESDAY WAS THE 'NONVIOLENT DAY OF ACTION', BUT WE DECIDED TO GO UP ON WEDNESDAY FOR THE 'NO GUIDELINES DAY OF ACTION' (I.E. EXTREME VIOLENCE AT ALL TIMES?). WHEN WE GOT THERE, WE WEREN'T TOO SURE WHAT WE COULD DO, WHICH SEEMED TO BE THE SAME FOR LOTS OF PEOPLE.

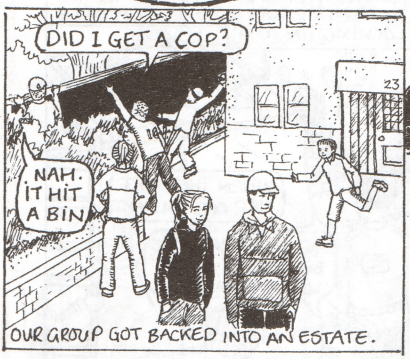
* WHAT DOES DSEI STAND FOR, ANYWAY? HOW IGNORANT AM I, NOT TO KNOW THIS. GOES TO SHOW THAT I'M JUST UNINFORMED RENT A MOB. HUH.

FOR A WHILE, WE SHOUTED AT EXHIBITION VISITORS
SCUM! SCUM!
YER KILLERS AND YOU KNOW YOU ARE...
MURDERERS! UH.. YOU SMELL!
THEN WE WANDERED ROUND FAIRLY AIMLESSLY...
I'M HUNGRY...
OH, HI!
HEY, LETS HEAD THAT WAY, THE COP HELICOPTER'S HOVERING THERE- IT MIGHT BE KICKING OFF!
I THINK WE'RE LOST.
THE LARGEST GROUP WE FOUND WAS ONE ROUND THE SAMBA BAND
GREAT. SAMBA. WOT FUN!
PRACTICALLY ALL DAY, THE DLR TRAIN TO THE FAIR WAS HELD UP BY PEOPLE LOCKING ON TO IT
WHEN THEY GET HER OFF, I'M NEXT.
HELLO? I'M NEXT! I'VE BEEN HERE MUCH LONGER THAN YOU!
OOOPS
BUT THE COPS RANDOMLY ATTACKED US.
FUCK OFF!
OKAY, YER NICKED!
UH, COME AGAIN? WHAT FOR?
THE COPS TRIED TO SURROUND US BUT LOTS OF US GOT AWAY
GAH! GIS A LEG UP
WELL, A BIT LATER WE TURNED A CORNER & GOT CAUGHT UP IN ANOTHER BUNCH OF PEOPLE RUNNING FROM THE COPS.
WHOA
EH?
OH. BETTER RUN TOO!
THEN WE GOT PROPERLY PENNED IN DOWN SOME GODFORSAKEN BACKSTREET.
OH. BOLLOCKS. WE'RE CAUGHT.
DOES THAT MEAN WE CAN EAT THE PROVISIONS NOW?
BASEBALL CAP, BLACK BACKPACK, BLACK HOODED TOP...
HEY... HE'S DESCRIBING US ISN'T HE?
BUT THEN WE JUST WALKED OFF
ARE THEY FOLLOWING US?
NO, NOT EVEN LOOKING! CARRY ON WALKING!

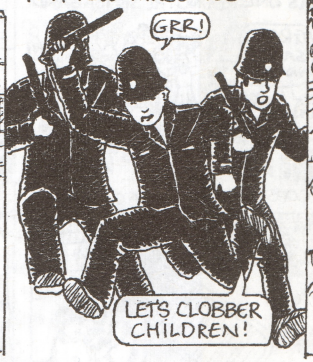
NOTHING MUCH WAS HAPPENING JUST THEN SO OF COURSE WE WENT TO THE PUB

WE HEADED BACK TO FIND THE 'RECLAIM THE STREETS' THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN

EVENTUALLY, A ROUNDABOUT GOT TAKEN BUT COPS WADED IN QUICK

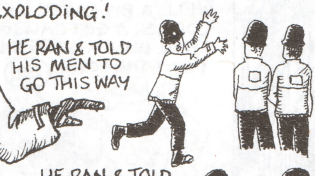


BUT THE POLICE STORMED IT A FEW TIMES TOO.

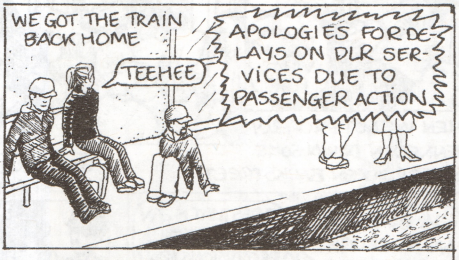


THE KIDS WERE REALLY COOL

THERE WAS THIS ONE TRANSPORT POLICE OFFICER RUNNING ABOUT, & HE WAS ODDLY DISJOINTED, AND CONSTANTLY ON THE VERGE OF EXPLODING!



WELL THAT WAS JUST A BUNCH OF PEOPLE RUNNING AROUND WITH NO COHESION. BUT THAT AND THE TONS OF POLICE MANAGED TO AT LEAST CAUSE SOME CHAOS, SO IT WASN'T BUSINESS AS USUAL AT THE ARMS FAIR. I STILL WOULDVE ENJOYED IT MORE IF WE'D BEEN MORE EFFECTIVE! THOUGH:



RANDOM PLUG:

THE G8 ARE COMING! YES, TO BRITAIN, IN SUMMER 2005.

THE G8 - THE HEADS OF STATE OF POWERFUL NATIONS - MEET EVERY YEAR TO SORT OUT CRISES IN GLOBAL CAPITALISM. WE DON'T KNOW YET EXACTLY WHERE IN THE UK THE MEETING WILL BE HELD, BUT VARIOUS PEOPLE INVOLVED IN GRASSROOTS ORGANISING & DIRECT ACTION HAVE ALREADY BEGUN TO MEET & PLAN AGAINST IT. THERE'S MORE INFO ON www.dissent.org.uk A LIST OF WORKING GROUPS AND LOCAL GROUPS ON www.enrager.net/G8 TO GET INVOLVED IN! THERE WILL ALSO BE ACTIONS TO CO-INCIDE WITH THE G8 MEETING IN THE US ON JUNE 8-10, 2004.

BOOK REVIEWS

THIS IS AN EXPERIMENT.. I WILL ATTEMPT BOOK REVIEWS IN CARTOON FORMAT! UH. THIS MIGHT NOT WORK. WE'LL SEE...

LOVE HIM OR HATE HIM, I ALWAYS GET INTO READING CHARLES BUKOWSKI - HE CAN BE MISOGYNIST AS HELL BUT HE'S HONEST & STRAIGHTFORWARD, SO WHEN I WAS WORKING IN THE POST OFFICE, OF COURSE I HAD TO READ HIS NOVEL, "POST OFFICE".

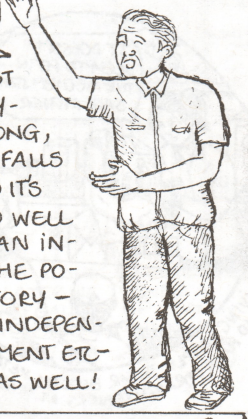
IT'S ABOUT MY DECADE AS A POSTIE. AND ABOUT DRINKING (LOTS), GOING TO THE RACES INSTEAD OF WORK, AND ABOUT TRYING TO SURVIVE.

I'M THE PATHETIC JOBSWORTH MANAGER/BULLY HE HATES. OH YOU'LL RECOGNISE ME IF YOU'VE EVER HAD A CRAP JOB!

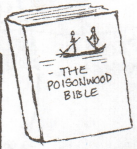
I GOT VERY ENGROSSED IN "THE POISONWOOD BIBLE" BY BARBARA KINGSOLVER. IT'S THE STORY OF A FAMILY WHOSE DAD'S THIS FANATICAL, DOGMATIC PREACHER WHO TAKES THEM TO THE BELGIAN CONGO IN 1959.

WE'RE THE FOUR DAUGHTERS, AND US & OUR MUM TELL THE STORY IN ALTERNATING CHAPTERS. IT'S DEAD CLEVER.

TATA JESUS IS BÄNGALA!



THE DAD JUST GETS EVERYTHING WRONG, THE FAMILY FALLS APART, AND IT'S ALL VERY EPIC AND WELL WRITTEN. YOU GET AN INSIGHT INTO THE POLITICAL HISTORY - THE CONGO'S INDEPENDENCE MOVEMENT ETC - ON TOP OF IT AS WELL!



"GUNS, GERMS AND STEEL" BY JARED DIAMOND - I CAN'T RECOMMEND IT ENOUGH. IT'S "A SHORT HISTORY OF EVERYBODY FOR THE LAST 13000 YEARS" AS THE SUBTITLE GOES.

HA-DID YOU KNOW MY DOMESTICATION BROUGHT YOU MEASLES, TUBERCOLOSIS & SMALLPOX!

IT LOOKS AT WHY DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WORLD DEVELOPED DIFFERENTLY, AND HOW SOME PEOPLE USED TECHNOLOGICAL AND ENVIRONMENTAL ADVANTAGES TO DOMINATE OTHERS - REFUTING RACIST EXPLANATIONS, AND LOOKING AT HOW FOOD PRODUCTION, TECHNOLOGY ETC SPREAD. IT'S A FASCINATING BOOK!

MY LOT WERE SO MUCH CLEVERER

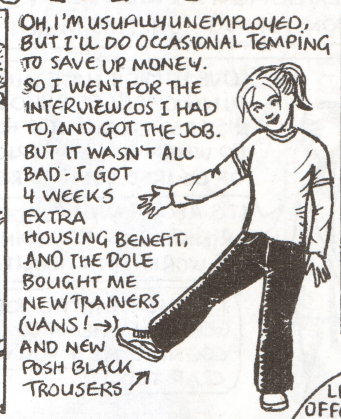
NO YOU WEREN'T

OOH, I LOVED "THE NAME OF THE ROSE" BY UMBERTO ECO (I REALLY WANT TO SEE THE FILM NOW, BUT IT'S NOT IN VIDEOBOX, OR THE LIBRARY). IT'S ABOUT THESE MURDERS IN A MONASTRY, AND I BET SEAN CONNERY'S PERFECT AS THE GUY SENT TO INVESTIGATE THEM. THERE'S WHOLE BITS IN LATIN WHICH IS KIND OF CONFUSING, BUT ITS SO EXCITING, AND ALL ABOUT KNOWLEDGE, PHILOSOPHY, AND PASSION.

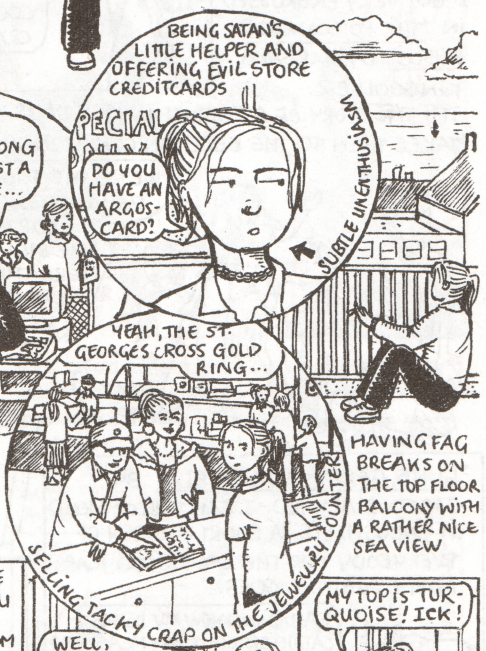
ET NON COMMISCEBANTUR ADINVICEM..

UH I ALSO LIKED THE 'PROMETHEA' COMICS BY ALAN MOORE AND 'ALIAS GRACE' BY MARGARET ATWOOD, BUT I'VE RUN OUT OF SPACE.

'TIS THE SEASON TO BE A WAGE SLAVE...



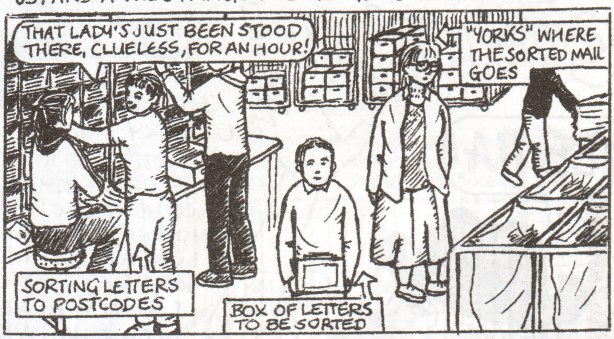
I WAS "TRAINED" TO DO VARIOUS JOBS ON THE SHOPFLOOR WHICH INCLUDED:



HAVING FAG BREAKS ON THE TOP FLOOR BALCONY WITH A RATHER NICE SEA VIEW

FOR THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW: ARGOS IS A 'CATALOGUE SHOP' I.E. IT'S RUN ON THIS ARCHAIC SYSTEM WHERE YOU PLACE ORDERS FROM A CATALOGUE, QUEUE ABOUT 3-4 TIMES IN ALL, & FINALLY YOUR PURCHASE COMES UP FROM THE STORAGE AND YOU CAN COLLECT IT. IT'S JUST COMEDY WHEN, SAY, THE ORDERING SYSTEM BREAKS DOWN.

BUT OF COURSE, I WORKED IN THE POST OFFICE AGAIN, LIKE I DO EVERY XMAS. ALONG WITH A BUNCH OF OTHER PERPETUAL LOSERS. THEY WILL EMPLOY ANYONE AS A XMAS CASUAL, EVEN US, AND A WIDE RANGE OF STRANGE PEOPLE.

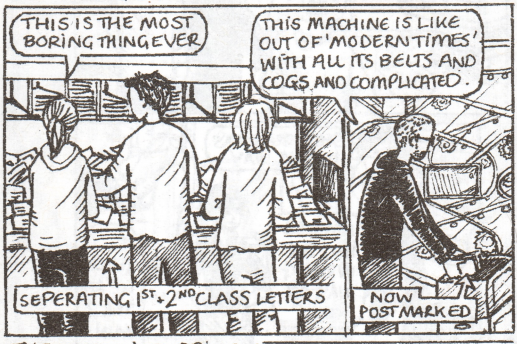


WE HAD OUR OWN LITTLE BLACK BLOC OF MATES WORKING THE 2PM-10PM SHIFT.

WE TOOK OUR BREAKS TOGETHER. AND FACED THE SWEETS MACHINE CHALLENGE!

AND ALL RAN OUT FOR A BEER EVERY NIGHT AT 10!

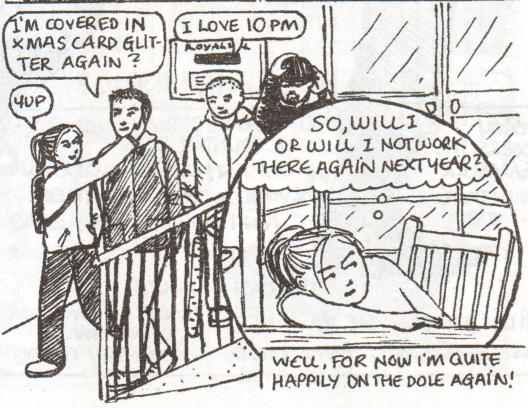
SOMETIMES WE HAD TO WORK ON THE 'FACING TABLE'



YOU NEED TO TRY AND AMUSE YOURSELF:

THE MOST DISTURBING ENVELOPE I FOUND WAS FROM SOME FAMILY IN THE US WITH HORRIBLE PHOTOS OF THEMSELVES ALLOVER IT.

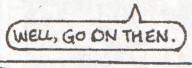
I GOT 'PROMOTED' TO SORTING THE 1ST CLASS POST COS I CANT DO ANYTHING SLOWLY



i want to be a cowgirl!

I HAVE TO CONFESS THAT I RECENTLY GOT INTO COUNTRY MUSIC. I THINK IT'S DUE TO GETTING OLDER, OR SOMETHING. NEXT THING YOU KNOW I'LL BE MOWING THE LAWN ON SUNDAYS. BUT ACTUALLY, IT'S REALLY COOL MUSIC YOU KNOW. I WANT TO BE A COWGIRL, SO I NEED A HAT, A GUN, AND LOTS OF COUNTRY MUSIC. BUT I DON'T REALLY WANT COWS.

ANYWAY, RECENTLY



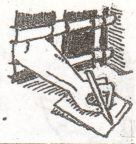
MY COUNTRY TOP 10!

- KENNY ROGERS: THE GAMBLER
- DOLLY PARTON: 9 TO 5
- JOHN DENVER: THANK GOD I'M A COUNTRY BOY
- JOHNNY CASH: SAN QUENTIN
- WAYLON JENNINGS: THERE AIN'T NO GOOD CHAIN GANG
- TOBY KEITH: I LOVE THIS BAR
- JOHNNY CASH: COUNTRY TRASH
- WILLIE NELSON: ME AND PAUL
- SKEETER DAVIS OR JOHN DENVER: COUNTRY ROADS
- MERLE HAGGARD: MAMA TRIED

FUCK, IT'S COMPLICATED! I HAVE NO CO-ORDINATION AND I'D BE A RUBBISH COWGIRL. DON'T WORRY I STILL LISTEN TO PUNKROCK TOO.

MY PENPALS

I've been writing to anarchist prisoners for a few years now, cos I agree that supporting prisoners is a vital part of any movement challenging the system! And these are the prisoners I'm writing to now - they are all amazing people.



FREE and **CRITTER** were both arrested in June 2000 for arson at a SUV dealership in Oregon, and were charged with 13 felony charges. Critter was sentenced to 5½ years on a plea bargain, and Free got an outrageous 22 year 8 month sentence!

Free

"In my lifetime, I have witnessed an onslaught against the inhabitants of this world led by the greed of industrialised nations... ..I struck back." - Free:

JEFFREY LUERS #13797671
OSP 2605 State Street
Salem, Oregon 97310, USA
info: www.freefreenow.org
(the 12th June '04 is an international day of solidarity with Free - check out what's happening/what you can do!)

"I'd like to start by saying that the truest form of solidarity that anyone has ever shown me has been the continuing of ELF/ALF actions & the anti-authoritarian/anti capitalist actions (no, not holding signs) happening throughout the world." -Critter:

CRAIG MARSHALL #13797662
SRCI, 777 Stanton Boulevard
Ontario, Oregon 97914, USA

Critter and Rob

THOMAS (whose picture didn't copy well, sorry!) is a German antifascist skinhead almost continuously in solitary confinement since 1996. He's in for an armed bank robbery and is serving extra time for insulting and threatening judges and the state prosecution. His sentence adds up to nearly 16 years. He has to deal with repression and restrictions on a daily basis but does not remain silent! THOMAS MEYER-FALK Z. 3117, JVA Bruchsal, Schönbornstr. 32, 76646 Bruchsal, Germany

HAROLD THOMPSON is serving life plus multiple sentences in Tennessee, USA. He's in his 60's (he was born the same year as my dad!) and has been inside since 1979 for the murder of the murderer of the mother of his oldest son, plus expropriation, plus time for a failed armed escape attempt in the '80s. He is a tireless jailhouse lawyer and committed anarchist, and is currently legally challenging the US. prison system's refusal of anarchist literature. "I will not break, bend, nor be intimidated. I stand in solidarity with all people struggling against oppression..."

HAROLD H. THOMPSON #93992, NWCC, 960 State Route 212, Tiptonville, Tenn 38079, USA http://freespace.virgin.net/simon.russel/

ROB THAXTON is a long time active anarchist serving a 7 year sentence for throwing a rock at a cop during the Eugene RTS on June 18th '09, the international day of action. He's an excellent writer and I recommend his zine "Manufacturing Dissent". Recently Rob & his cellmate Brian McCarvill challenged their prison's prohibition of mail containing the circled A symbol. Now they're re-writing the rules!

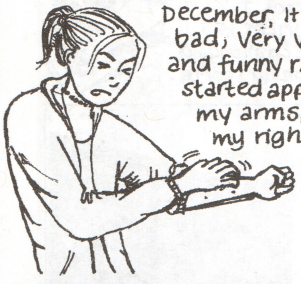
ROBERT THAXTON
#12112716 OSP
2605 State Street
Salem, OR 97310, USA
http://defenestrator.org/roblosricos

for more info, or to make donations to any of the above, contact →

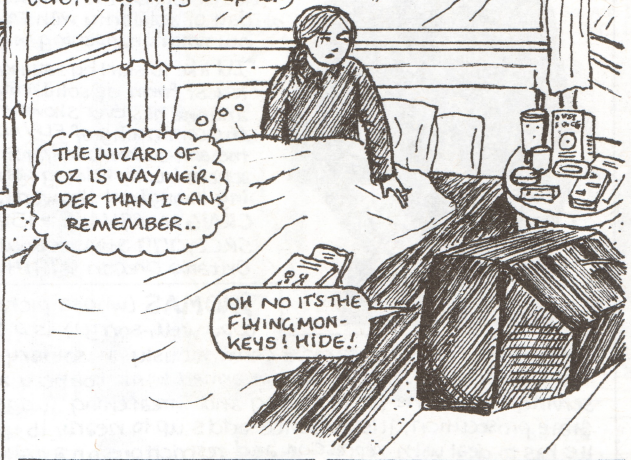
BRIGHTON ANARCHIST BLACK CROSS
PO Box 74, Brighton BN1 4ZQ
brightonabc@email.com, website: www.brightonabc.org.uk

DON'T WRITE TO YOUR MP, WRITE TO A PRISONER INSTEAD!

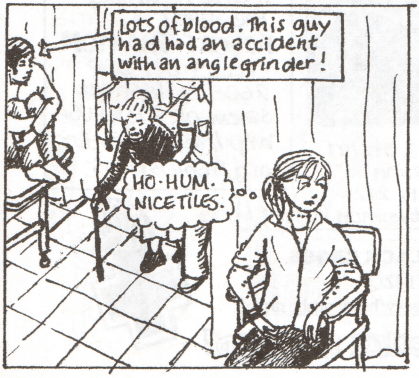
When I became a Leper...

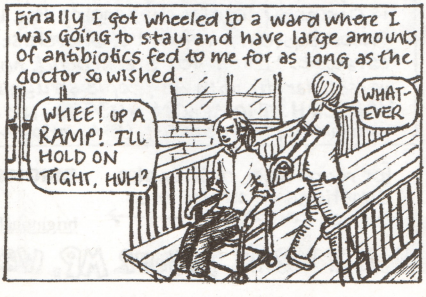


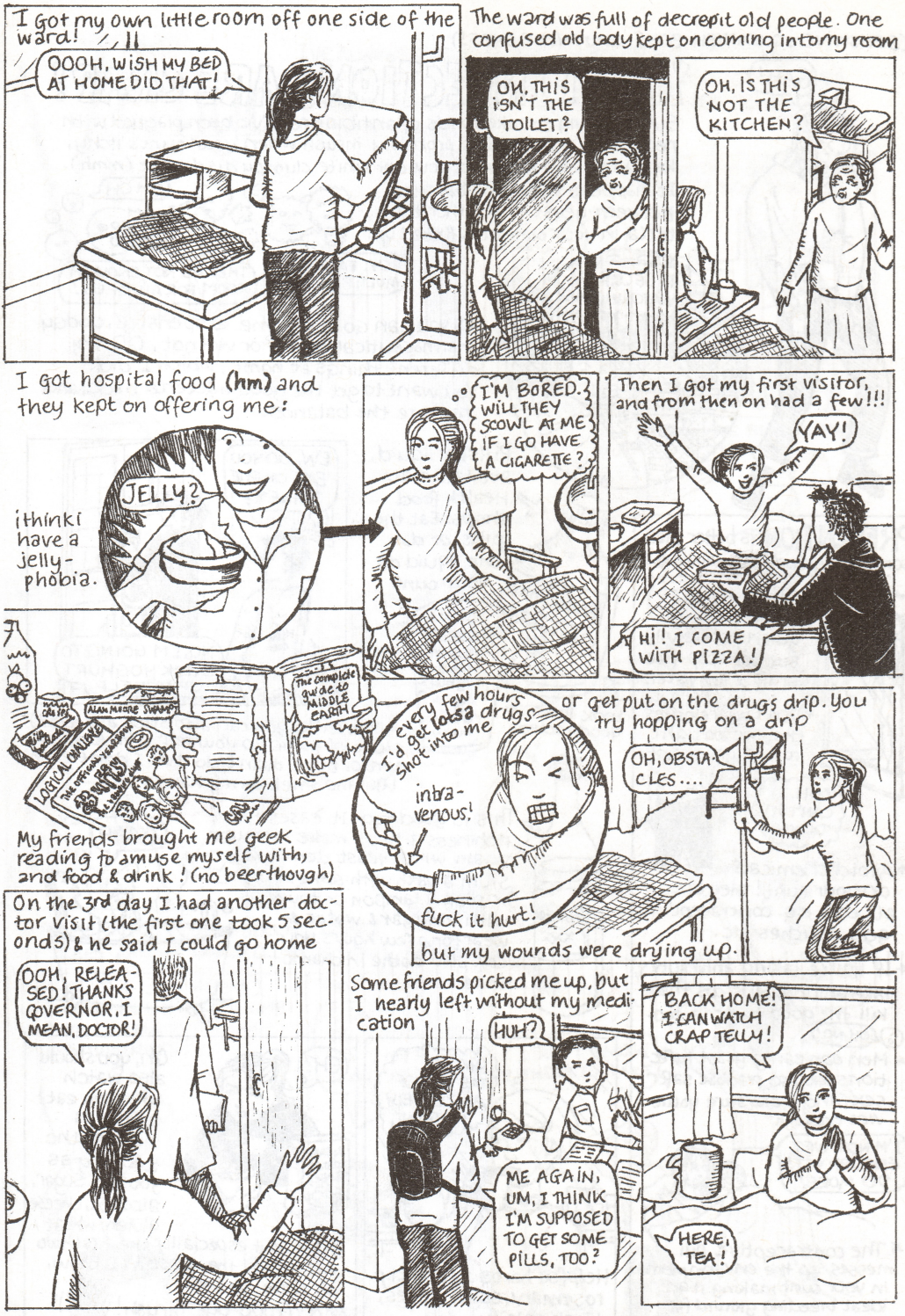
Well it didn't get better. In fact, it got **worse**. I spent Christmas in bed not able to walk cos of my infected foot, and covered in **icky** goo from the blisters, watching crap telly.



Eek! I'd never been to hospital before! I sat in A&E for hours.






I got my own little room off one side of the ward!
OOOH, WISH MY BED AT HOME DID THAT!
The ward was full of decrepit old people. One confused old lady kept on coming into my room
OH, THIS ISN'T THE TOILET?
OH, IS THIS NOT THE KITCHEN?
I got hospital food (hm) and they kept on offering me:
JELLY?
ithinki have a jelly-phobia.
I'M BORED. WILL THEY SCOWL AT ME IF I GO HAVE A CIGARETTE?
Then I got my first visitor, and from then on had a few!!!
YAY!
HI! I COME WITH PIZZA!
ALAN MOORE SWAMP
LOGICAL CHALLENGE
The complete guide to MIDDLE EARTH
My friends brought me geek reading to amuse myself with, and food & drink! (no beer though)
every few hours I'd get lots a drugs shot into me
intra-venous!
fuck it hurt!
or get put on the drugs drip. You try hopping on a drip
OH, OBSTACLES....
but my wounds were drying up.
On the 3rd day I had another doctor visit (the first one took 5 seconds) & he said I could go home
OOH, RELEASED! THANKS GOVERNOR, I MEAN, DOCTOR!
Some friends picked me up, but I nearly left without my medication
HUH?
ME AGAIN, UM, I THINK I'M SUPPOSED TO GET SOME PILLS, TOO?
BACK HOME! I CAN WATCH CRAP TELLY!
HERE, TEA!

(SENSITIVE SQUEAMISH BOYS - SHUT YOUR EYES!)

YEAST INFECTIONS ARE CRAP!

Since having to take loads of antibiotics, I've been plagued with recurring thrush. It's probably thrush when your cunt's itchy, kinda red and sore and you got white clumpy discharge (mmh). It happens when the balance between yeast and other bacteria in your cunt gets fucked up.

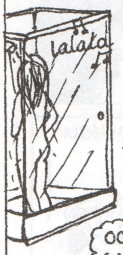
So, you can go buy some exspensive, dodgy pharmaceutical cream or wotnot, OR try different things at home, which I did. You want to get the good bacteria back, and restore the balance.

Pills, or liquid, available at Health food shops. Eat the pills, or dab the liquid on your cunt

Look lotsa Good bacteria

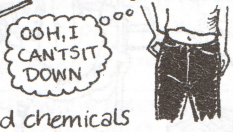
Apparently you can also stick a (peeled) clove of garlic up yourself. I'm fond of garlic, but I didn't do this. I don't even like the smell on my hands.

PREVENTION is better than something (how'd that saying go?)



* Wash yourself down there regularly + carefully. But use soap-free stuff or just water.

* Don't wear clothes that are too tight round your cunt.



* Avoid chemicals on your cunt! They are all evil, e.g. contraceptive gels, douches etc.

* If you're taking antibiotics, take acidophilus cos they kill the good bacteria too.

* Men can carry yeast infections too, so practise safer sex, and make sure you're wet enough

* The contraceptive pill messes up the environment in your cunt making it an ideal breeding ground for yeast. Consider stopping it!

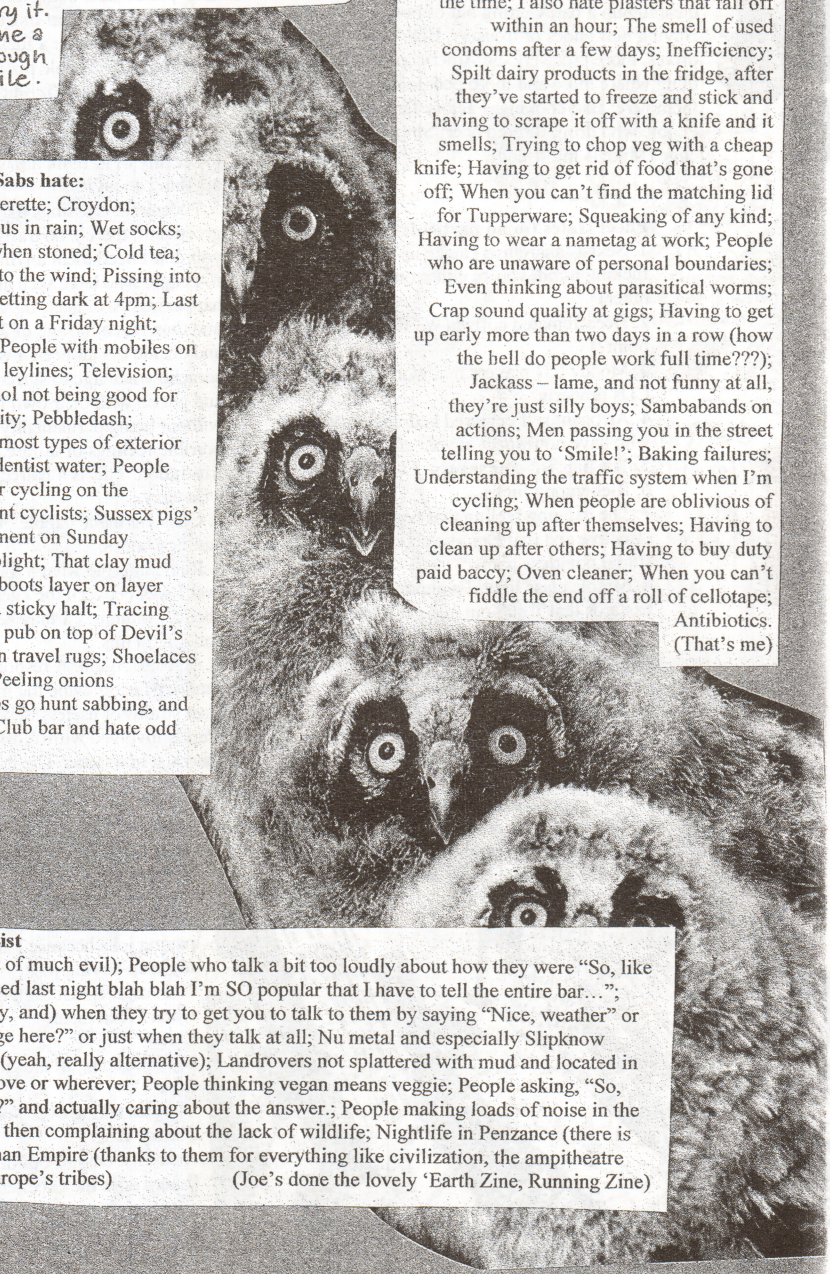
This is good too - it eases the itchiness & helps make it sourer again which yeast don't like. Sit in a bath with some in it, or soak a tampon or towel with vinegar & water & wear for a few hours. You can also bathe in chamomile.

Helpful herbs apparently: rosemary, sage, cloves, black salsify

Oh, you should also watch what you eat! Cut out as much of the following as you can: Sugar, alcohol, cheese, gluten/wheat, yeast, but especially the first two which feed the yeast! (I know, it's shite! No beer?)

And: Good-bye thrush!

Okay, I know 3 whole pages of lists of **things to hate** may seem a bit much all at once, but I asked mates to contribute, & I wanted to include all of them (it's amazing there was fuck all repetition - goes to show how individually and passionately people feel about all the irritating and downright evil shit in this world!) Anyway, it's good for you to let it all out. You try it. But don't send me a list I've had enough for a (little) while.



Our Local Hunt Sabs hate:
Going to the launderette; Croydon; Queueing for the bus in rain; Wet socks; Walking up hills when stoned; Cold tea; Denim; Cycling into the wind; Pissing into the wind; Wind; Getting dark at 4pm; Last orders; West Street on a Friday night; Human weakness; People with mobiles on the train; Negative leylines; Television; Commuters; Alcohol not being good for you; Static electricity; Pebbledash; stonecladding and most types of exterior render; Egg; Pink dentist water; People who tell you off for cycling on the pavement; Pavement cyclists; Sussex pigs' chopper over allotment on Sunday afternoon; Potato blight; That clay mud that clings to your boots layer on layer until you grind to a sticky halt; Tracing paper loo-roll; The pub on top of Devil's Dyke; Hope; Tartan travel rugs; Shoelaces with frayed ends; Peeling onions
(Our local hunt sabs go hunt sabbing, and sit on the Cowley Club bar and hate odd things)

Isy Hates or Strongly Resents:
Store credit cards; That my hip's been hurting since months; Perfume advertisements on telly; Wage slavery; When things don't add up when they should; Having to sort out recycling; That wounds randomly appear on my hands all the time; I also hate plasters that fall off within an hour; The smell of used condoms after a few days; Inefficiency; Spilt dairy products in the fridge, after they've started to freeze and stick and having to scrape it off with a knife and it smells; Trying to chop veg with a cheap knife; Having to get rid of food that's gone off; When you can't find the matching lid for Tupperware; Squeaking of any kind; Having to wear a nametag at work; People who are unaware of personal boundaries; Even thinking about parasitical worms; Crap sound quality at gigs; Having to get up early more than two days in a row (how the hell do people work full time???); Jackass – lame, and not funny at all, they're just silly boys; Sambabands on actions; Men passing you in the street telling you to 'Smile!'; Baking failures; Understanding the traffic system when I'm cycling; When people are oblivious of cleaning up after themselves; Having to clean up after others; Having to buy duty paid baccy; Oven cleaner; When you can't fiddle the end off a roll of cellotape; Antibiotics.
(That's me)

Joe's Hatred List
Oil as fuel (root of much evil); People who talk a bit too loudly about how they were "So, like TOTALLY pissed last night blah blah I'm SO popular that I have to tell the entire bar…"; Police (generally, and) when they try to get you to talk to them by saying "Nice, weather" or "Who's in charge here?" or just when they talk at all; Nu metal and especially Slipknow t-shirts/hoodies (yeah, really alternative); Landrovers not splattered with mud and located in Richmond or Hove or wherever; People thinking vegan means veggie; People asking, "So, what do you do?" and actually caring about the answer.; People making loads of noise in the countryside and then complaining about the lack of wildlife; Nightlife in Penzance (there is none); The Roman Empire (thanks to them for everything like civilization, the ampitheatre and crushing Europe's tribes) (Joe's done the lovely 'Earth Zine, Running Zine)

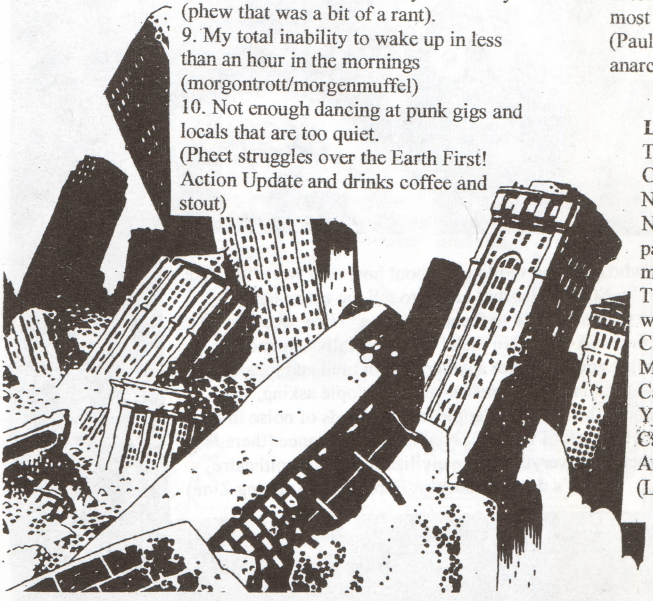
Mike's Hate list

Washing up loose leaf tea in teapots; Hangovers; Café bars; TV adverts; Toy McDonald tills; Phone queues; Phone queue music and all the options before you even join the queue; My mobile phone; Malaria; Chewing gum in ashtrays when cleaning up a bar; Getting out of bed; Buying new shoes or trousers; Big 4 wheel drives, more precisely the American style thing where more and more people have them here; Bad cooking; Factory farms; People who drink foreign beer; Straight edge (Mike is my friend)

Pheet Hates (in no particular order):

1. Sexist 'anarchists' (make up your fucking mind, you're either one or the other)
2. Decaffeinated coffee (WTF is the point?)
3. Moody CD players that won't play my CDs properly.
4. Arrogant self centered hedonist wankers who have no respect at your squat party.
5. The pigs (of course) esp. EG/FIT
6. Rich yuppy fucks
7. The nagging feeling that nothing I do is effective and that I'm just playing some stupid pointless game.
8. Middle class liberal pompous hippy bastards that'll sell out and get a trendy job in advertising in a couple of years or are just fucking about while waiting for their inheritance off mummy and daddy (phew that was a bit of a rant).
9. My total inability to wake up in less than an hour in the mornings (morgontrott/morgenmuffel)
10. Not enough dancing at punk gigs and locals that are too quiet.

(Pheet struggles over the Earth First! Action Update and drinks coffee and stout)



Paul from Worthing: Things I Hate:

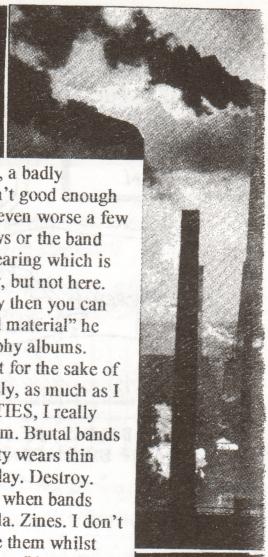
1. Arsenal
2. Sitting down to do a list of things I hate and finding what mostly comes into my head is all sorts of screwed up introspective shit about the way I feel or behave in certain situations.
3. Watching the nightmare apparatus of a total police state being assembled around me and realizing that most people out there just don't give a fuck.
4. Intelligent, capable people who are well able to understand the shit that's going on and yet have made some kind of conscious or unconscious decision at some stage not to see any of it, think about any of it, do anything about it.
5. Pedestrian crossings that don't turn green until there's no traffic coming and you don't need them anymore.
6. People who have seen al the shit happening, have been fighting against it and then reach the age of 30 or something and decide it's all been a waste of time and somehow manage to surrender completely and get on with their own little lives without being permanently tormented by horrible feelings of failure, guilt and frustration. This is a hatred slightly tinged with envy.
7. Constant inane babble on TV, radio and mobile phones.
8. Remembering what a totally ignorant twat I was between the ages of 16 and about… hmmm… I may need a second opinion on this.
9. Arsenal. Again. A response so automatic it can wipe the mind clear of most strains of useless debris and doubt.

(Paul's involved with Worthing's local anarchist newsletter The Porkbolter)

Laura H8s:

Tony sodding Blair is the bane of my life
Cars
Not being able to cycle because of the rain
Not having time to apply for decent-paying jobs because I am too busy with my crap-paying jobs
The seagulls that bully the local ducks when I feed them
Cars
My bike being in the shop
Cars
Yuppies taking over South London
Canary Wharf
Anarchist empire-building

(Laura does the excellent zine Synthesis)

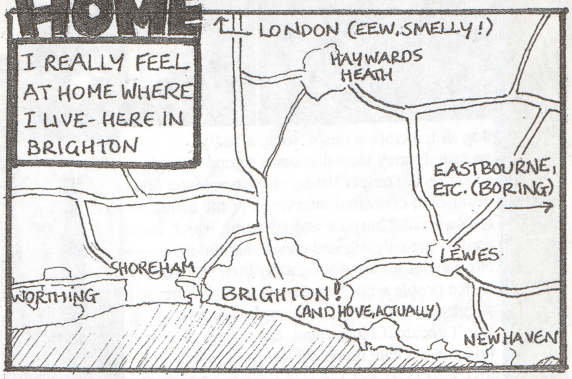


Now then **Gadgie**,
Hate? What do I hate? I really hate the way the whole 70's fashion and culture thing is been repackaged at the minute, I mean, vacuous Children's TV presenters wearing MOTORHEAD shirts and various celebrities wearing old Heavy Metal T-Shirts is bad enough, but come on, can't we keep this pathetic trend out of Hardcore? White, plastic belts have never looked good. Dunlop Green Flash, probably the shittest trainers EVER were shit trainers in the 70's when Tennis players for some reason wore them, and yes, they are still shit today. When did it become fashionable to look like someone out of Star Trek? Corduroy trousers for crying out loud. Flares. No. I blame emo. I hate emo. Not all emo. Well, yes, all fucking emo. Whiney, watered down pop punk with emotive riffs or College Rock or Indie Pop or whatever it is masquerading as these days. These genres are bad enough without watering them down even further. Soft lads playing radio friendly cack is not my idea of Punk Rock. Then again, it's not really fair to call it radio friendly as it's so excruciatingly bad, even the clueless radio stations would probably give it a wide berth. It's just so cynical and obvious that seven or eight years ago this shower would have been playing Pop Punk. Pop Punk. I fucking hate Pop Punk. Except good Pop Punk, of which they are too few exponents of by the way. Mainstream chasing, media hungry starlets looking to build a fan base, get signed to some "pretend" underground label, play venues with bouncers, have fans line up for autographs, have riders, ask for stupid guarantees. I hate you. I hate the way the lower levels of music industry are falling over themselves to package these fuckwits for hordes of teen worshippers. Boy bands. That's all they are with their so wacky shirt and tie and neatly styled "Punky Haircuts". I bet their Mam even likes their music. DIY labels. I don't hate them, but I do flipping well hate the ones who send the most ridiculously sycophantic press releases out to zines with their releases. Please, let me make my own mind up if takes influences from such eclectic artists as "Fuck Fuck and the Fuckers" right through to "Nob Head and the Bell Ends" or if their "explosive" live show is bound to please me. And I'm not impressed if you put a big list of bands they've toured with and blokes they've been produced by. Save it for Kerrang loser. Hidden tracks on CD's. I hate them buggers. What is the point? The album finishes. Then twenty eight minutes of silence, and if I forget to turn it off, followed by a "secret, hidden" track. Why not just put it on the rest of the track listing? 'Cos it's usually dog shit, a crap, acoustic song, a badly recorded ropey song that wasn't good enough to get on the proper listing or even worse a few minutes of conceited interviews or the band arsing around burping and swearing which is usually actually big and clever, but not here. No. Save it for the discography then you can entice people with "unreleased material" he suggested cynically. Discography albums. Can't decide if I hate them, but for the sake of this piece, I hate them. Seriously, as much as I love CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, I really cant listen to 78 minutes of them. Brutal bands take note. The effect of brutality wears thin after 20-30 minutes. Plug in. Play. Destroy. Go. Half an hour tops. I hate it when bands don't follow this simple formula. Zines. I don't hate them, but the folk who use them whilst treating them with contempt, now I hate those cunts. Some labels must go straight through the Fracture reviews section and send their wares to everyone in there, regardless of what the zine is all about. Why do I get sent experimental-techno-grind-jazz-funk-fusion with beats CD's? Why do these folk rarely ask for a copy of the bloody zine? Why do labels stop sending stuff if it gets a bad review? Well, I suppose that last one is obvious ... I hate those folk who sit downstairs in the IQ in Boston all night rabbiting on about how Punk the Velvet Underground or The Fall are and how there hasn't been a good Punk band like this for years, whilst upstairs some bands from all corners of the globe are thrashing themselves stupid, often for a once only opportunity for the populace of Boston. People at work. Most of them I would say are not really worth hating, but some of the things they say are well worth barrels of fucking hate. "The animal's dead, you might as well not waste it" was one of the nuggets of wisdom regarding not using animal products, "Oh I couldn't give up meat" in response to someone else mentioning I'm vegetarian. Money. People who are obsessed with it, now I really hate you. I'm not interested in doing the house up so I can add ££££ on to the selling on price. I want to live in it and listen to Punk Rock in it. I don't give a shit how much you earn, and I'm certainly not gonna tell you how much I earn. I might actually like my job, but I'm not gonna kiss arse all week so I can chase more fucking money. Your car is very nice but the price you paid for it doesn't interest me, neither does the size of the engine, how bloody fast it goes and how powerful the speakers you are getting are. I have a car, It's a red one. I go to gigs in it. End of fucking discussion please. I fucking thank you
(Marv of the great Gadgie zine)

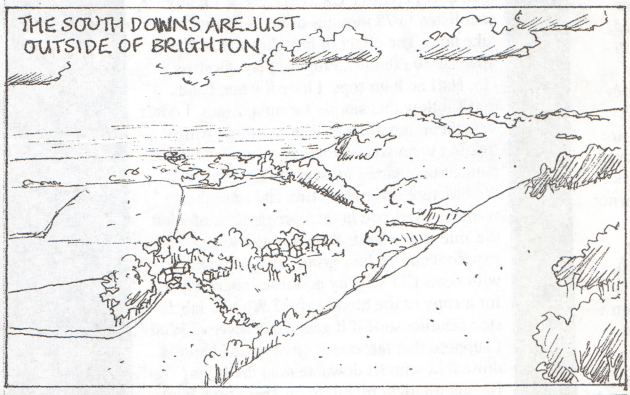
WOW. ASK FOR A HATELIST & GET A GIANT RANT! HOPE MARV'S FEELING BETTER NOW

HOME

I REALLY FEEL AT HOME WHERE I LIVE- HERE IN BRIGHTON

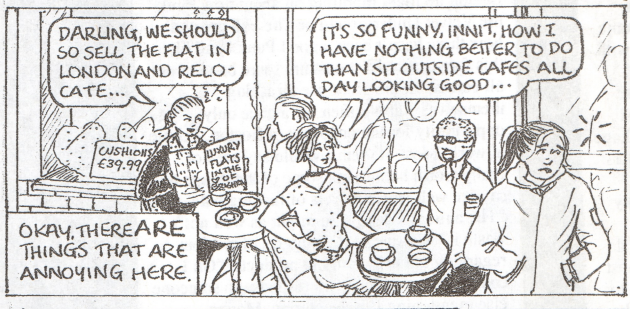


ITS NOT BORING AT ALL, BUT ALSO NOT BIG AND SCARY. AND SMALL ENOUGH TO CONSTANTLY BUMP INTO EVERYONE YOU KNOW



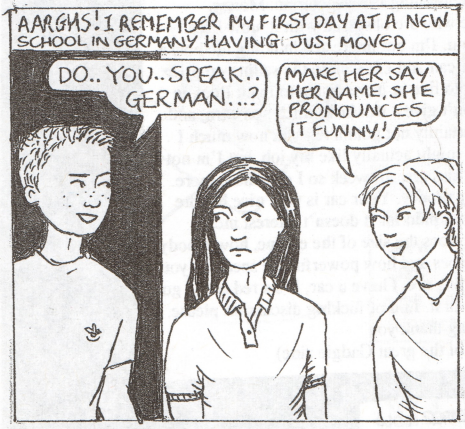
AND IT'S ON THE SEA, THE DISUSED WEST PIER IS ACE* -AND THE SPECTACLE THE STARLINGS LIVING ON IT OFFER EVERY SUNSET IS SO COOL, THOUGH I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT IT FOR AGES!

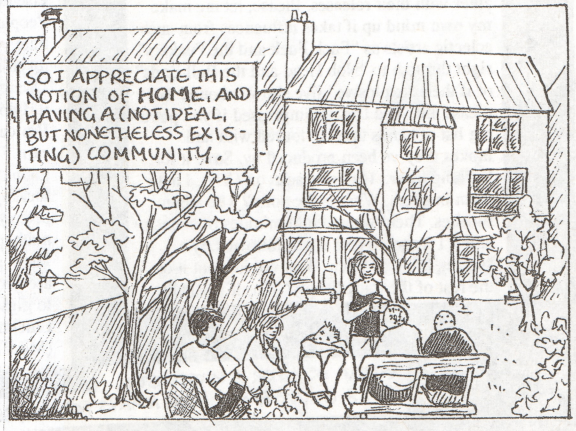
* WELL, ITS FALLEN DOWN + DIED SINCE I DREW THIS.

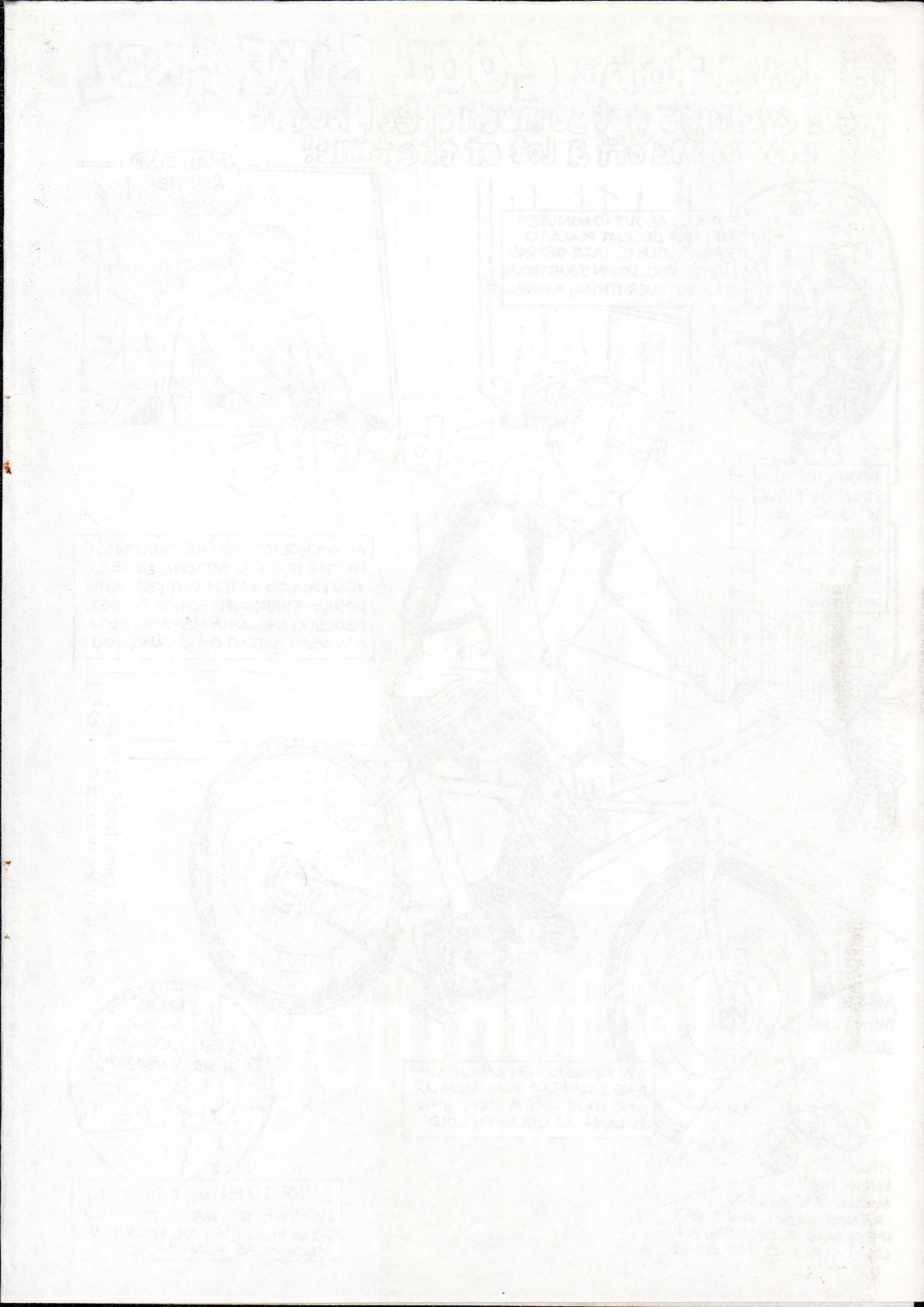


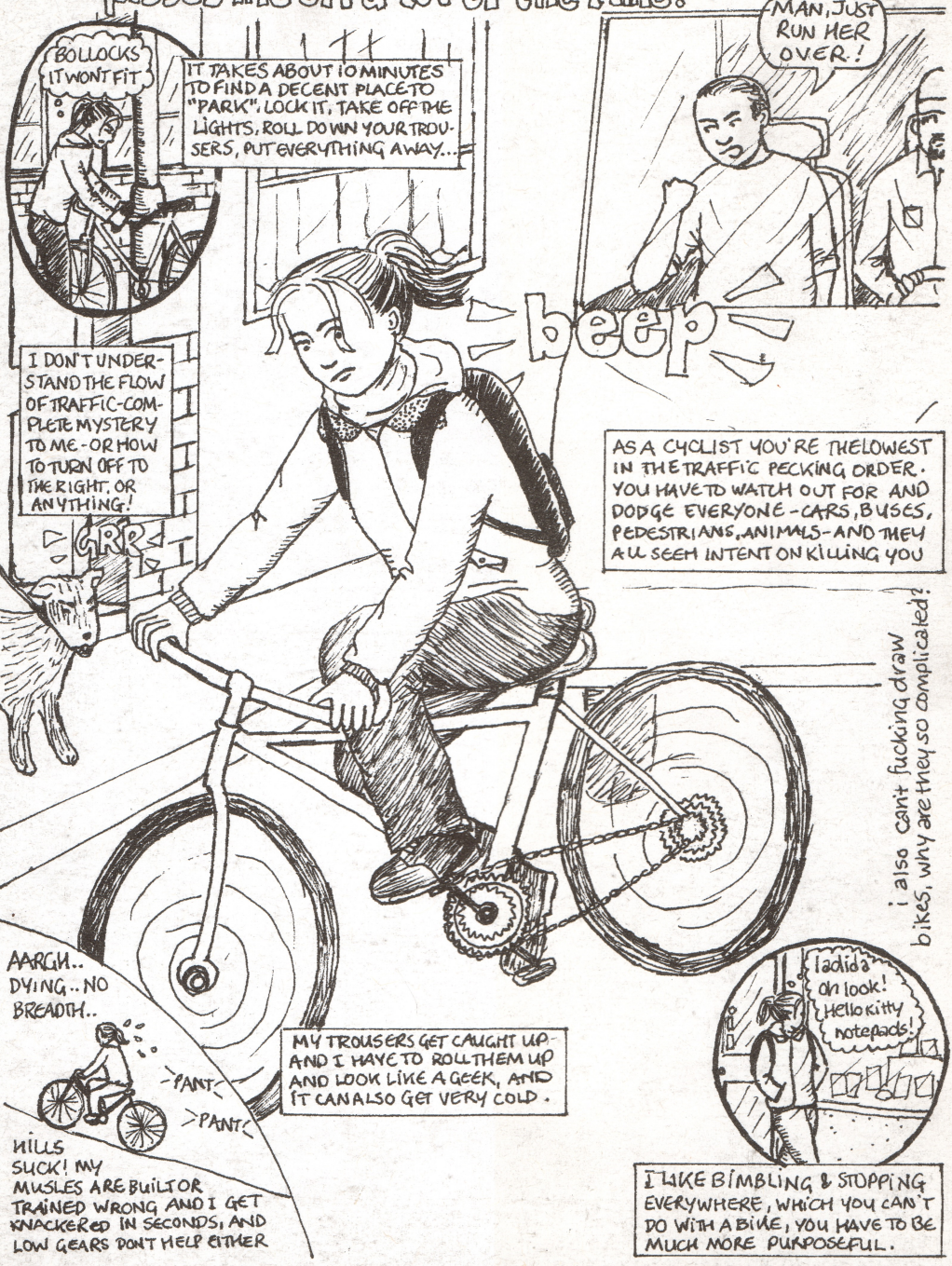
OKAY, THERE ARE THINGS THAT ARE ANNOYING HERE.

BUT I GREW UP MOVING AROUND A LOT, AND BEING A MIXED RACE KID AS WELL







i'd love to be COOL BIKE GRRL

cos cycling's got so much cred, but it pisses me off a lot of the time!